OUT OF A PIONEER'S TRUNK

BY BRET HARTE.

It was a slightly cynical but fairly goodhumored crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco, one afternoon, in the summer of 1851. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal forgain. It was an auction of unclaimed trunks

and boxes-the personal luggage of early emigrants-which had been left on storage in bulk or warehouse at San Francisco while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold-seeker to make part of his journey on foot restricted him to the smallest impediments, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilization. As a consequence, during the emigration of 1849, he was apt, on landing, to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the goors of the rude hostelries on the shore: "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to claim his stored property. Enforced absence, protracted equally by good or evil fortune, accumulated the high storage charges until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty, absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions-contrived together to leave the bulk of the property on the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement this was always sold at public anction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with the public sentiment to sell the trunk unlocked and unopened. The element of enriceity was kept up from time to time by the incantions disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding thus encouraged-except when the speculator with the true gambling instinct gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery. Generally, however, some suggestion in the exterior of the trunk, a label or initials, some conjectural knowl edge of its former owner or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and

A modest-looking, well-worn portmantean had been just put up at a small open ing bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco, friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging white looking for employment. In the arony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry-goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation if he could make himself more precentable to their fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing haif abstractedly, half hopelessly at the portmantean without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge. In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his deject-ed and half-clad appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himslf a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down at \$15, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a grim smile. "That's your property, Fowler, and I recken you look as if you wanted it back bad." "But-there's some mistake," stammered

"No, out Tom Flynn did for you. You see I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines dead broke and hadn't enough to buy back your things. And he up and bought 'em for you -like a square man. That's Flynn's style -if he is a gambler."

Flint. "I didn't bid."

Take or leave it.

"But," persisted Flint, "this never wa my property. My name isn't Fowler, and never left anything here." The assistant looked at him with a grim half-incredulous, half-scornful smile "Have it your own way," he said, "but l oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember you. I'm here for that purpose. But as that thar valise is bought and paid for by somebody else

and given to you, it's nothing more to me.

The ridiculousness of quarreling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disapeared, he burried of with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging house he examined its contents. As he had surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort, and suitable to of jewelry which he put religiously aside. There were some letters which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerreotypes of a pretty face, one which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another of a young man that startled him with its marvelous resemblance to himself. It might have been



"It might have been his own pertrast." his own portrait. In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now; it was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him. He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes

of the letters. They were addressed to

Shelby Fowler, the name by which the as-

sistant had inst called him. The mystery

was plain now, but for the present he could fairly accept his good luck and trust to later fortune to justify himself. Transformed in his new garb, he left his adginus to present himself once more to his possible employer: His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry-goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more decent civilized garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro-tables when a man suddenty leaped up with an oath, and discharged a revolver full in his face. The shot missed. Before his unknown assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed with him and instinctively clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Fint felt his strength failing him. when suddenly a look of astonishment

discharged point blank into his temples, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered. "You've done for French Pete this time. Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his clow. He enized his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you all to witturning dictatorily to the crowd, "that this man was first attacked and was unarmed." He lifted Flint's limp and empty hands, us will proba bly change his conclusion that

came into the furious eves of his adver-

eary, and the man's grasp mechanically re-

laxed. The haft-freed pistol thrown up-

ward by this movement was accidentally

and then pointed to the dead man who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the nalf-paralyzed arm of Flint and

dragged him into the street. "But," stammered the borrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does it all mean? What made that man attack me?" "I reckon it was a case of 'shooting on sight. Mr. Fowler; "but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he

never laid eyes on the man before-andmy name isn't Fowler." Flynn halted and dragged him in a doorway. "Who the devil are you?" he asked

may have had agin you."

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically, Flint told him his scant story. An odd ex-pression came over the gambler's face. "Look here," he said sbruptly, "I have passed my word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead-broke miner, called Fowler. allowed you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, over there in Australia. That satisfied them. If I go back now and say it's a lie-



"The man's grasp mechanically relaxed."

that your name sin't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was-they'll just pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that d-d clerk mistook you. But it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are!" "No one," said Flint, with sudden hope-

"And you say you're an orphan, and aint got any relations livin' that you're behold-

"Then take my advice and be Fowler-and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up and thanks you for it. For you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have flunked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you, and you've a right to his name.

He stopped and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes. "Don't you see what all this means? Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had! You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell Fowler! Play Fowler first, last and all the time! Good night and good luck-Mr.

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Anstralian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. "An act of firmness and daring," said the Pioneer, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians," In his new suit of clothes and with his paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry-goods pro-prietor. The latter was satisfied and convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner; the same later; he was mill-owner, mine-owner, bank director-a millionaire! He was popular; the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler, there was no danger of exposure by others; the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following. He had quite forgotten his youthful past, and even the more recent lucky portmanteau; remembered nothing perhaps but the pretty face of the daguerreotype which had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby

His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment reappeared at the window followed by a young lady in

"Beg pardon, sir, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this feminine favor, fitting smoothly to the arm young lady. This is yours." Fint glanced at the portmanteau on the seat before him. It was certainly not his, although it bore the initials "S. F." was mechanically handing it back, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. For an instant he stood petrified. It was the face of the daguerreotype. "I beg your par-don," he stammered, "but are those your initials?" She besitated. l'erhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he fan-

cied she looked confused.

"No. A friend's." She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life but to follow this clew and the beautiful girl who had dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station and discovered that she was going to York. On their arrival he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow-country woman, although residing in England, and at present on her way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his he again fancied she looked disturbed.

They met again and again; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already respectably and responsibly known beyond California; be thought no more of his future; he was in love! He even dared to think it might be returned. but he felt he had no right to seek that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another. He did so alone scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm, she burst into flood of tears, and showed an agitation that seemed far beyond any apparent cause. When she had partly recovered she said, in a low, frightened voice;

"You are bearing my brother's name! But it was a name that the unhappy boy had so shamefully disgraced in Australia that he abandoned it, and as he lay upon his death-bed the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change mine too. For the infamous companion of his crime, who had first tempted, then betrayed him, had pos-session of all his papers and letmany from me, and was threatening to bring them to our Virginia home and expose him to ourneighbors. Maddened by desperation, the miserable boy twice attempted the life of the scoundrel, and might have added that blood-guiltiness to his other sine, had he lived. I did change my name to my

mother's maiden one, left the country, and have lived here to escape the revelations of that desperado, should be fulfill his In a flash of recollection, Flint remembered the startled look that had come into his assailant's eye after they had clinched. It was the same man who had too late realized that his antagonist was Fowler. "Thank God! you are forever safe from any exposure from that man," he said gravely, "and the name of Fowler has

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never been known in San Francisco, save

in all respect and honor. It is for you to

She did-but not alone-for she shared it

take back-fearlessly and alone!"

Mistake of Professor Bryce.

the foreigners residing in a country are en-titled to a greater degree of protection than natives. This is virtually his position when he asserts that Italy is entitled to redress because a lot of cut-throats from that country were wiped out of existence by an American mob. If a gang of native-born assassins had been treated in the same fashion their relatives would have had no other recourse than to diligently conceal the fact that they were so unfortunate as to be related to such brutes. The relatives of imported brigands are entitled to no more consideration.

Written for the Sunday Journal. A Sliver from the Sphinz, Thou broken syllable blown far a-west, Blow hither over bleak, abysmal seas, From that grim mystery of mysteries That frets the world-still keeping unconfest The secrets of the zons in her breast! "But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I Time, bending there upon his tired knees, By that dumb wender of dead centuries, Covers his face, appalled at his own jest!

The petty generations pause and pelt The sleepless brute, with vain importunings, Seeking to solve the riddle as she stands; Beneath her changeless stare the ages melt Like snowflakes, and the Simoon's sullen wings Muffle ber silence with the Libyan sands. -James Newton Matthews.

MASON, IIL

In October. I dreamed one day an army passed along With many-colored banners streaming free And many rounds of wild and martial song; In all it seemed most fair and gay to me, And yet, I said, they do but go to death, This bright array. They soon will scattered lie O'er hills and meadow-lands, the merry breath Of life all fied,—who march so proudly by.

And then it seemed I was but dreaming half; For low and clear Beside my ear Rang Autumn's mocking laugh.

I looked, and lo! I knew it otherwise; I saw the gay sabaoth of the trees Flaunt reds and golds beneath October skies, And heard the stirring anthem of the breezes I saw the haze like clouds of azure dust Affoat in air where many feet have trod; I saw the iron-weed and mullen thrust Tall spears mid lines of gleaming golden-rod.

There came a menace drear of winter then: I felt a smart Within my heart, And Autumn mocked again.

-Bessie Hendricks, in the Critic. Everything wrong will be set right Your troubles sore will all take flight

Fortune will smile, the fickle jade, You'll win the love of some sweet maid, And all your bad debts will be paid To-morrow.

Why, then, repine! You will be gay You'll never think about to-day

Forget your miseries and strive To think how everything will thrive With you-if only you're alive--Somerville Journal.

The Whistle. A whistle clear as a blue-bird's call From the sunny street And her heart springs up, to faint and fall In anguish sweet.

O whistle, O tender whistle, be still, For thou dost not bring Her boy with hair like the danodil And face like spring.

O whistle, O gay soft whistle, float on Ah, dream, alr, ghost of a joy that is gone, O whistle so sweet -Irene Putnam, in New England Magazine.

The Same Old Way. O, the spring has come in the same old way, And the same old man-yes, the same old jay-Takes the same old pole and the same old line.
To the same old pool with the same design,
With the same old inck of the time gone by And he tells when it's done just the same old lie.

And the same old joke and same old jest Of the space writer in new words will be dressed And the same paragraph and the same old verse, Just as bad as of yore and a great deal worse-Will be ground out again, and I'm free to say I'm trying it now in the same old way. -Omaha World-Herald.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

In spite of past predictions, the bordered robe seems to have taken a fresh lease of

A fad at present in rings is to wear upon the little finger the stone corresponding to the birth month of the fair one. Sleeves of black silk mull, jetted galloons,

as well as bands of black marabou or ostrich feathers, still continue in high favor for decorating light evening gowns. Plain bine and white or striped flannel dresses are in the comfortable sailor style, gathered skirt and loose blouse, with or

without a tramming of woolen braid. A fashionable dress-maker is exceedingly modest in her demands just now, so far as quantity of material is concerned, for straight skirts and snugly-fitted bodices

are the rule. It is quite the fashion now, if the arms are pretty, to leave them bare from elbow to shoulder with evening dress, the white gloves which have had such a struggle for

and reaching ne higher than the elbow. High and reversed collars are worn. Bodices are still cut down to show a yoke. Sleeve caps are almost as fashionable in Paris as the high gothered top, they having much the same effect. French waists aim to give a wider appearance than the tapering London styles admit of.

Small-figured challie makes up prettily with the low waist in folds from the shoulders, velvet revers around the neck and rosettes of velvet ribbon at the waist line, with long ends hanging in front. India silk is fashioned in the same way, both having guimpes of silk to match the flower.

The prettiest trimmings for zephyr ginghams and batistes are of open work embroideries or light tine linen laces. Creamcolored Russian lace is also used. The trimmings form jacket fronts, deep basques, entire sleeves, or the putf of the sleeve only. Bretelies and fichu-shaped pieces of lace and embroidery are employed, also pointed belts and half-high peasant waists are used as a finish to dressy morning costumes.

The elderly ladies are confined as much se ever to black and dark sike; but there is only about one kind of dress for a gala occasion, and that is a handsome faille Francaise. It is considered superior to all others in juster, wear and material in general. The best quality is sold at \$2.50 per yard, but a very good quality may be had for much less if desired. Nothing is so handsome on a lady, whether she be thirty or sixty, as a fine black silk robe.

One of the prettiest dresses for afternoous, so simple as to be within the power of any woman to carry ont, is one of the new challies in Rose du Barry bine, a par-ticularly soft porcelain, strewn with large floral bouquets, through which a spot, or ring, or star is distinctly visible. The straight gathered skirt has five rows of black velvet ribbon, tied each in a bow at the side. The waist is shirred at the neck into a little upstanding ruffle, and has bretelles of the velvet with bows on the shoulders and at the bottom of the waist, both in the back and front. The wrinkled mutton-leg sleeve has the new turned-down entf falling over the hand and filled inside with fine white lace. This skirt is of the full, straight variety, considerably gored at the top on each breadth and gathered to a cord, to which the waist is sewn. The waist is lined and fitted with one dart in front, but in the back has the forms in the lining only.

A New Orleans Dish.

New York Sun. New Orleans is famous for many dishes peculiar to itself. It should be famous for its oyster loaves. You see them advertised everywhere in the treets. An oyster loaf is half of a 10-cent double-pointed loaf of white bread. It is split down on one side and then a part of its soft interior is taken out and all the rest is toasted. After that a dozen fried oysters are put in the loaf and it is closed and has a wedge of toasted bread fitted into its open end. The ovater loaf is said to be an amazing peacemaker for married men on lodge nights.

All Knew Washington.

Louisville Times. Colored people ranging in age from 100 to Mistake of Professor Bryce.

San Francisco Chronicle.

If Professor Bryce will devote as much attentive study to the subject as it deserves the men "bilt Wash's hose mo' times dan dey got fingers an' toes."

WARNED BY A MOUSE.

The old manor-house at Barton bridge, although one of the quaintest and most pictur-sque bonses in this side of the county. was not half so well known as it deserved to be. Cut off from the high road by a clump of ancient and well-wooded wych-elms, the few travelers who passed by the plantation gates plodded or drove wearily on up the steep hill beyond it, reached the top, admired the view away across the valley of the Bar, and dreamed little of what a curious old mansion lay hidden among the trees.

Its master and owner, John Trowbridge, was an old-fashioned bachelor, who prided himself on three good things-old books, old wine and old friends; and though he had few of the last, and their visits were few and far between, he always boasted that they were "enough for him, and enough was as good as a feast." It was a lonely place, too; ten miles from the county-town and six from the station; while the whole hamlet of Barton consisted of about a score of cottages, all clustered around the tiny church, half a mile down the valley below. The Squire, therefore, as he was everywhere called, when not busy in his library, troubled his head about few things beyond his own domain, lived in a royal sort of cozy comfort on half his income, and gave up most of his time and thoughts to the care of his niece and ward, Miss Grace Rivington, declaring at times she was the plague of his life, and at others that without her he did not know what would become of Barton manor. Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of £20,000 on coming of age, she had grown up at last to be as willful, high-spirited and charming a young lady as could be found in all the country-side. In short, she was the old man's pet, and managed by dint of coaxing, flattery and ecolding to have ber own way. "in things little or big." as John Trow-bridge often confessed. His favorite name for her was "the little witch;" "a wee body, but with a mind and spirit in it big enough and determined enough to manage the most fussy and troublesome horse in the stable or out of it." These were the two who sat chatting to-

gether one wintry evening in November, on the day of her coming of age, when, contrary to all custom in such cases, and in defiance of his urgent entreaty, she had inbirthday celebration; but a quiet time "just for us two," she said; "and I can have you all to myself." Dinner was over, the wine and walnuts were on the table, and that was wheeled up to the blazing wood fire; Graves, the butler had departed, and at last she could speak freely.

"My dear, dear uncle," said she, "there never, never was, and never will be, any thing half so beautiful as the necklace you gave me this morning. I had it in my pocket all dinner-time, and was longing to look at it the whole time-but why did you |

"Why, my dearf Well, because you are such a naughty, ill-tempered, ugly little shrimp, and I determined that people should look at your diamonds to-morrow, if they wouldn't look at you. As to money, child I only had them reset; they were my mother's fifty years ago, and her mother's before that-a wedding present from that old Jack Trowbridge whose eyes are now looking down at you from the other side of the room. 'Gentleman Jack' they used to call him when he came back from India and broughs the diamonds with him."

"Look!" she said, taking them out of the dainty morocco case, "see, how they shine in the light of the fire! I shall be as grand as a queen to-morrow night at the ball; and in that lovely dress from Paris, oh, mucle, the very happiest girl in Cornwalil What can I say, what can Ido, to thank you-the dearest, goodest, wisest of old uncles!" "Well, if you won't have any more wine, Miss Grace Rivington, say good-night, be off to bed, and lock up your necklace in a safe place, and keep the key in your own pocket. You'll have a thousand things to do to-morrow; so go now and get your

beauty-sleep; that you may look your best at night. Half the women will go crazy at the sight of your necklace and gay feathers; and all the men about your lovely face. But mind, the first quadrille is for me." They chatted for a while, and she playfully reminded him that only a month before he had niterly refused to have a dance at the manor-bouse, or to let the place be turned upside down for any such nonsense. "And now," she added, "here you are deck-ing me out like a queen and begging for a "You're a witch, my dear, neither more

nor less, and you know it, and I am an old goose, and don't know it; so, good night. In less than an hour from that time the diamonds were safely locked up in an old oak cabinet, and the happy owner, like most of the household, sound asleep and dreaming of all the joys of the coming mor-

The morrow came, as most to-morrows do, in good season, heavy with clouds at first, but slowly breaking out into sunshine at last. Miss Grace Rivington, after her

beauty-sleep, came down radiant to breakfast, and, that being over, sent off a spe-cial messenger to her special friend Florrence, at the Grange, with the following My Dear Florrie-Come over at once, if only for half an hour, and you shall see the loveliest necklace to be found in Cornwall. I am to It was but a short walk from the Grange

to the manor-house, and in less than an hour after the dispatch of the note, the two friends were in full talk by the side of a roaring wood-fire in Grace's own sanctum, a cozy, snug room, with oak paneling and old-oak furniture, which opened out upon the lawn. The two girls were in high spirits; the necklace was duly admired, looked at again and again, carefully put away and locked up; and then came the discussion of dresses, laces and partners, about which last point there was a considerable difference of opinion, 2s great almost as the difference in the personal appearance of the ladies themselves. In that difference, in fact, lay the strength of the friend ship. Florrie was a tall, dark brunette, with an abundance of black hair; a loud, rather masculine voice, and a still more masculine manner, dress and tastes. "And now, Grace," she said at last, "pu away all the fal-lals, and I'll tell you all

about yesterday's doing, when you shut yourself up like a hermit, instead of being out in the finest run for the season. There were were four of us from the Grange, and about twenty other red-coats, besides Charlie Burton and a couple of militiamen; and we went straight away for Barton Edge, a downright spin of fifty minutes without a check. Then we ran him in, and killed in the open. Coming back we found again-another forty minutes; lost him. and then home by the harvest field, where lack and I and the two militaries went in for a rat hunt with a couple of terriere." "Glad you enjoyed it, my dear; but no rate for me: I hate the very sight of one. The mice behind this old wainscot are bad enough and terrify me out of my wits sometimes. I am actually afraid of them. and uncle won't have a single cat in the place, so that we are fairly overrun with them. Ten to one, if I only open the door of the old press. out flies a monse, and away I go as fast as my legs will carry me." "Oh, Grace! what a coward; afraid of a monse! Never mind. dear; with that necklace on to-night you'll carry all before you -red-coats and black, old stagers and young dandies; they'll all fail in love with that charming little witch of a face of yours. You won't be afraid of them, mice or no mice. I shall stand no chance. But it's time for me to be off; so, good-tye, my dear, until 8 P. M .- I shall come early. I'll go out by the window and cut across the

It was 6 P. M., and Grace Rivington, after an early dinner, had gone to her own room for the important and laborious work of dressing for her first ball. It had been a fine, calm day for November, the fire of wood had all but died out, and the window was still ajar as her friend had left it in the morning. But as it grew darker and colder, and the serious business of the night had to be begun, Grace closed and fastened it, and going to the opposite side of the room, sat down in front of a large cheval glass, and, as many a pretty girl has done before, took a calm survey of herself and determined to wear the white dress. As she looked at the glass into which the flickering fire now and then threw a fitful touch of light, she was suddenly startled by a slight rustling sound behind her, as a mouse dashed out | years." and scampered across the floor; and then, turning her head, she saw to her atter horror, a pair of eyes watching her from one corner of the room among the curtains, where the mouse had sprung out!

For a moment she was utterly paralyzed | with a look of calm resignation on his worn with dread, and, not daring or able to move, was about to cry out for help. Luckily for her, the cry was stifled; and then, with a looked out the fire, blew his nose loudly, sort of desperate courage she turned back looked out the window and changed the to her old position, and again looked ir to

the glass, as if nothing had happened. At the very first glance the two terrible eyes seemed to be fixed on her from among the dark folds of the curtain; and she shud-dered as she looked. It was clearly some scoundrel who had hidden himself there for some plan of robbery, and her life for a mo-ment was in his hands; and all depended on ber success or failure in lulling him into a belief that his presence had not been de-

After a minute of sharp thought, her usual resolute will prevailed; her conrage rose, and her plan was formed. Without rising from her chair, she drew up to her side a small writing-table, calmly lighted a wax-candle, and began writing a series of pretended notes, sealing and addressing each, as if for post. Over the fourth of these notes she seemed to take much trouble, and, as if not satisfied with it, began to read aloud short bits of it as she went on, with an occasional word of comment: "We depend on your being here, my dear Jenuie, in good time to-night, whatever the weather be; and I sent this by a special messenger to say that we shall keep you till to-morrow. I have heaps of birthday presents to show you, and the lovliest diamond neckiace." As she uttered these words she suddenly stopped, and said, as if in a whisper to herself: "Why, what a goose I am! Old Foster, the jeweler, has never sent back the rings and necklace, though he faithfully promised I should have them in good time this morning. Jane must go for them at once, or I shall not get

them in time." Then, having sealed up and directed the last of her pretended notes, she walked with trembling steps to the bell-rope, pulled it, waited for a moment, and next unlocked a drawer and took out her jewelcase. As she did so, the door opened, and the servant appeared. "Jane," said her mistress, "tell Richard to take this note to the Grange, and this to Dr. Forbes at once. There are no answers; but as he comes back, call at Foster, the watch-maker's, with the other note, and ask for my rings and necklace which he had to clean. As it's getting late, he had better take the pony. The necklace he can put into this box; Foster has the key." And with these words she handed to the servant her precious jewelcase. In another moment the door was shut, and Grace once more alone with the pair of eyes watching her intently from behind the curtain.

The owner of the eyes had seen and heard ail that had happened, and, though slightly puzzled, thought it best not to move as yet; especially as he saw that the young lady was calmly going on with her toilet and

had lighted two wax candles. puzzled, but, being a well-trained servaut, obeyed her mistress's order. "Here, Richard," said she, "Miss Grace says you're to take the pony as sharp as you can and leave these notes at the Grange and at old Forbes's, and as you come back, call at Foster's for some rings and a necklace that's to go into this case." In five minutes he was on the way. The

three notes he carried with him were duly delivered and read with amazement by the recipients. The one to Dr. Forbes ran thus: My Dear Doctor-Don't be alarmed, though I beg you to come straight to the manor-house when you have read this. Say nothing to the

servants, but make your way quietly up to the oak room, where I wait your coming. Uncle is away at the magistrates meeting. Lose not a GRACE RIVINGTON. The second was this: My Dearest Florrie-A mouse has got into the oak room, and here I am a prisoner. Send your two brothers at ouce to deliver me at once. Ever your affectionate

Foster, the watch-maker, utterly and hopelessly puzzled, read as follows: Mr. Foster, take the box which the bearer will give you to Barnet, the parish constable; tell bim to bring it here to the manor-house at once. G. RIVINGDON.

Old Forbes was the first to recover from his amazement, and, after a moment's thought, to hurry down from his surgery and rush out of the house-armed with a case of instruments and his biggest stickwithout a word to wite or servants, or to himself, but "what on earth is that witch of a girl up to now?" He ran as hard as he could, and in ten minutes, red hot and breathless, reached the hall-door of the manor-house, where he was well known. "Parker," said he to the astonished footman, "Miss Grace says I am to go straight to her room without being announced. I

know my way." Then he walked quietly up-stairs and knocked at the door of the oak room, and at once entered. His patient, with a pale face and her long hair streaming down over her shoulders. was sitting in a low chair in front of the mirror; the fire had died out into white ashes, and the dim light of the two wax

candles left half the room in darkness.

"Grace, what has happened? Are you ill -here all alone?" And then came a dead silence, more terrible than any speech. She tried to speak but for many minutes the effort was in vain, and ended in a few broken sobs and still more broken words. While the agony of suspense and fear lasted she had bravely kept up her courage, but now with safety had come the reaction. Her nerves, after being strung up to the highest pitch, sud-denly collapsed, and the doctor was fairly puzzled. But at last, after a sharp effort, came an intelligible sound, and she stammered out: "Not ill, Doctor, not ill, and

not alone; he is there behind the curtains."
Before he could ask "Who or what is behind the curtains?" out stepped Mr. Sikes to answer for himself, a common roadside tramp of the lowest order, who, that very morning, had begged for broken victuals at the kitchen door and been rewarded with beer in honor of the day. "All right, governor," said Sikes, "you needn't make no fuss. I ain't done no harm to the young

only came in to get a rest." But at this moment there was a sudden and tremendous clatter on the stairs, and in rushed not only the two brothers from the grange and the parish constable, but the whole troop of terrified servants. In the midst, however, of all the noisy confusion, congratulations and outcries that followed, Sikes continued his speech, with the same unblushing impudence " he had begun it: "And to think, now f being took in by that there young gal, a-knowin' all the time that I was behind the cur-

tains, and she ready to drop at a mouse." When Grace bad reluctantly swallowed a glass of wine, recovered berself enough to tell her brief story and retain her birthday necklace, then arose a fierce discussion as to what was to be done with Mr. Sikes. "Constable," said the old Doctor, "tie that fellow's hands behind him, and lock him up in the clink until the 'squire comes home; and first give him a good ducking in

the horse-pond. But then the vagabond altered his tune. and put on such a piteons look and told such a miserable whining tale of starvation and misery, that Grace's voice prevailed though he did not escape his taste of the

"Let him go, let him go," she said, "and take him away at once before the squire comes back, which he may do at any minute. And now all my dear, good friends, a thousand thanks to you, every one. But begone all of you, for the clock has struck 7, and I have to be dressed before 8.

In spite of all difficulties, however, Miss Grace Rivington, in her white dress and wearing her diamond necklace, was the admiration of all beholders that night at the ball. She danced many dances, and not a few with Charlie Burton, who, after his marriage, told me this true story. -Chambers's Journal

How to Save Young Trees.

Atlanta Constitution.

"I have planted several thousands of trees during the last ten years," said a middle Georgia nurseryman yesterday. "and have se.dom been called upon to replace one that had died. The success is the result of a very simple but seldom failing precaution. When the tree is planted, a piece of wood not less than three inches wide, and high enough to reach the lowest branches, should be driven into the ground just south of the tree. This keeps the sun off it during two-thirds of the day, and prevents the sap and bark being burned up before new roots have been formed. Any one adopting this plan will be certain to have success with his trees, no matter how poorly they look when first planted out."

A Miracle of Forgiveness.

Chicago Tribune. "In the matter of taking care of gonr father," said the visitor, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have furnished him a good home these many "That is true," replied the host, thoughtfully, "Fifty-three years ago, when I was a trusting, helpless, innocent child, he gave

to do my duty toward him," he continued.

me the name of Adonijah. But I have tried

READING FOR SUNDAY.

Spinning. Like a blind spinner in the sun, I tread my days; I know that all the threads will run Appointed ways; I know each day will bring its tack,

And being blind, no more I ask. I do not know the use or name Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within My hand and said, "since you

Are blind, but one thing you can do." Sometimes the threads so rough and fast And tangled fly.

I know wild storms are sweeping past, And fear that I

I know not why, but I am sure That tint and place, In some great fabric to endure Past time and race My threads will have; so from the first, Though blind, I never felt accurst.

Shall fail; but dare not try to find

A safer place, since I am hind.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung From one short word Said over me when I was young-So young, I heard It, knowing not that God's name signed My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign Within, without, It matters not. The bond divine I never doubt. I know He set me here, and still, And glad, and blind, I wait His with But listen, listen, day by day, To hear their tread Who bear the finished web away,

And cut the thread,

And bring God's message in the sun,

"Thou poor, blind spinner, work is done "

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 17, 1891. SIN THE CAUSE OF SORROW. (Hosea x, 1-15.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—Your iniquities have separated between you and your God. (Isa. lix, 2.) HOME READINGS.

M.—Sin the cause of sorrow..... Hos. x, 1-8.
Tu.—sin the cause of sorrow..... Hos. x, 9-15.
W.—Separation from God...... Isa. lix, 1-9.
Th.—Long suffering abused...... Jer. xliv, 1-6. Su.-Whitsunday Acts il 1-12. WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent. This is a lesson of ain and punishment. other ways, and must receive the punish-

With most people there is no better way to deal with their sins than to threaten them. A threat is more efficacious than a promise, even; much more effective than the presentation of simple duty. To say, you ought, does not affect most people so much as to say, you must. Therefore, the State argues with people, with courts and prisons. The State does, however, use the other way of instruction in the case of the young. It provides schools, in which children are taught what they ought to do-obedience, diligence, truth and honesty.

Prosperity is more dangerous to character than adversity. It is then that most sin is committed. Some will say that this is not so, for it is adversity that leads men to steal. But such sins are the fewest and most pardonable of all, sins that come from real adversity. With prosperity comes often pride, and then heedlessness of others, and all oppression. The sine of the prophets rebuked were seldom the sine of the poor so much as of the rich. Adversity leads us to God. So when God takes away a man's prosperity he begins often to think

Almost all sorrow and suffering comes out of sin. If one will count up all the cases of misfortune and suffering he can think of, he will find that nearly all, except what comes from the necessity of sickness and death, in the due course of nature, comes from sin. Take away the sine of drunkenness, and injustice, and laziness, and how little suffering would be left. A chief sin is lying, what is called here 'swearing falsely in making covenants." If a man makes a promise and then does not keep it, or otherwise lies, he is sowing

hemlock in his field, and he cannot expect it to produce corn. What a man sows he must reap. No one wants to have anything to do with a liar. Disgrace and shame are a part of the fruit of wrong-doing. Many men and wom-en have sinned, and then felt so ashamed of their sin that they have committed sui-

cide. The vages of sin, when fully paid, is shame and death, and those wages are not cut down in hard times. If a man has been reaping a bad harvest from bad sowing of lying or idleness, the only way to get a better crop is to do better sowing. "Sew to yourselves in righteons-ness," says our lesson; "it is time to seek the Lord." Repentance, or conversion, which are about the same thing, is the one

first duty of those who are not the Lord's servants already. Of General Interest. The seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Bible Society will be celebrated in New York on May 18. Rev. Dr. Phillips

Brooks is to deliver the address. It has been estimated that the total number of those who have lived and died in the Moslem faith since its establishment is over four billions—a number equivalent to nearly two and a half times the present population of the globe.

German papers express serious starm at the spread of irreligion in the fatherland. The number of Germans in the large cities receiving neither baptism nor confirmation amounts to hundreds of thousands. In Prussia alone there are thirty thousand irreligious persons who have never been baptized. This number does not include those who have been baptized but disclaim the church and all religious institutions.

The English Wesleyans are called upon to face a serious deficit in their collections for missions. The Methodist Times says: "For many years there has been a steady decline in missionary enthusiasm. British Methodism to-day contributes £4,000 per annum less than it did twenty-two years ago, and £12,470 less than it did twelve years ago; whilst if our contributions of today were proportionately equal to those of 1878, they would show an advance upon their present figure of £25,000."

The American Baptist Missionary Union has closed its financial year under a debt of \$60,000. This is due not to diminished contributions, which have largely exceeded those of any previous year in the history of the society, but to the rise in exchange occasioned by the silver bill, and to the failure to receive large legacies which had been confidently relied upon. The churches have been accordingly asked to set apart the first Sunday in May and the week-day prayer-meeting following for special prayer that they may be able to come up to the annual meeting free from debt.

The general committee in the United States of the work for boys has issued an appeal to the Christian and benevolent people of America for practical sympathy and co-operation in the work of saving the street boys in the cities and towns. The committee state that the work has now been in operation three years and a half, and that over thirteen thousand boys have been gathered into the rooms which have been opened. Among ten thousand of these boys, over fifteen bundred are orphans or half-orphans, which indicates that the work is among the most neglected and needy class of boys. The work consists in general, of a room in some central location open during the eventues of the colder months of the year, in charge of a superintendent, and supplied with a number of attractive and unnocent games and a choice library of instructive and interesting books suitable for boys, free admission

ng given to all the boys of the city. Thoughts for the Day. This, perhaps, was love--To have its hands too full of gifts to give, For putting out a hand to take a gift.

To each his anfferings; all are men Condemned alike to groun-The tender for another's pain

The unfeeling for his own. Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of ssomed the lovely stars, the for-get-me-nots

of the angels. It must puzzle the angels to understand what some men mean by their talk in prayerthey take to church with them on Sun-

day .- Ram's Horn. If you want to spoil all that God gives

respect people ought to pay you, what peo-ple think of you, and then nothing to you

will be pure.-Charles Kingsley. Prayer has an effect marvelous and certain; it is that of elevating the soul; also in those Christians who have the babit of prayer one finds a pobleness of beart, & dignity of character, and a general nobility in all they do, which one does not see in children of the world. - Jonbert.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A number of mules and horses were killed at Cotton Plant, Monroe county, Arkansas, the other day, by a cloud of buffalo gnats. There are now 19,873 newspapers of dif-ferent classes in the United States and Canada, a net gain of 1,613 over last year's

There are twenty-six monarchies and twenty-five republics in the civilized world to-day. Sixteen republics are in South America.

Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic regions there are 762 different species

Dr. Mathews, who has been studying suicide, finds that it pertains exclusively to civilized countries, and increases in accordance with the degree of civilization. A Wichita, Kan., farmer within a year

has sold corn from one crib at 13 cents, 26

cents, 50 cents and 75 cents, and has some

lett for which he expects to get 85 cents. A veteran hunter of Danforth, Me., in attempting to kill a huge bear with a knife, was carried three miles on the animal's back before the wild beast died from the loss of blood.

A quail flew straight through a heavy glass window in the Hannibal (Mo.) post office the other day. It was moving with such velocity that it made a bole in the glass very little larger than its body. Connecticut has the honor of having the oldest apple tree in the country. The tree

in question is in Wethersfield, and was

planted in 1638 or 1640, and is still in good bearing condition. It is an English pear-A Honesdale, Pa., lady has a full set of carpenter's tools, which she uses with remarkable skill in making useful and orna-

mental articles for her home, a full set of chairs being among the productions of her mechanical genius. A man walked into a Lowell (Mass.) barroom last week, bought 25 cents worth of cigare and offered a \$1,000 bill in payment.

He was somewhat taken aback when the saloon-keeper pocketed the bill and counted out for change \$999.75 in silver. An artist has been looking through the Boston cemeteries, and finds to his surprise that there is no monument in any of the cemeteries there that is worth over \$5,000.

The Chadwick tomb cost about \$25,000, but this is not classed with monuments. Ornithologists tell us that when feeding the stride of the ostrich is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking but not feeding, twenty-six inches, and when terrified, from eleven and one-half to fourteen feet, or at the rate of about twenty-five

What is said to be the largest block of stone ever quarried now lies on the ground at the Vinalhaven granite quarries of Maine. It is a solid shaft, without a crack or flaw, 115 feet long and 10 feet square at the base. The great difficulty will be in

moving it, fo it is 850 tons in weight. The humps of camels are mere lumps of fat, and not provided for in the framework of the skeleton. When the animal is in good condition the humps are full and plump. On a long journey where food is scarce the humps are entirely absorbed, the skin covering them hanging over the flank like an empty box.

There are about 2,800 counties in the Union, with an average size of about 1,000 square miles; but this average is enormousexceeded in many instances, and has also frequently fallen below. Leaving out the great unsettled counties of the West, the average county would be about 500 square miles in extent. Advertising for wives is one of the cus-

toms of some South Sea islanders. The method is for the would-be Benedict to affix a leaf bearing his particular mark to a tree trunk, and if, after the lapse of three days, he finds another leaf besides his, he goes to the family whose mark is on the second leaf and dickers for his bride. According to a local paper no wild fowl will, under any circumstances, pass under

the Mississippi river bridge. The other day a wounded goose floated down the stream until it come to the bridge, but would go no further. It stemmed the tide until completely exhausted, and then swam to the shore, permitting a boy to capture it. Near Leavenworth, Kan., a farmer had is entire farm gradually washed away by the Missouri river some years ago. Soon after the river began to deposit rich soil along the banks where the farm once was,

and recently the owner went to the county

clerk and had his farm, which was much larger than before, replaced on the tax A German brewer, wise in his generation, has discovered a certain mode of detecting sniphured hops. He fits up a knitting needle with a silver-plated knob, and drives it into the bale of hops so as to leave only the knob visible. If after two or three hours the silvered knob is blackened, the sulphuring of the hops is considered to be

A Western paper-making company has decided to spend \$30,000 in putting in a small, though complete, paper-mill at the world's fair, and will show all the proper-making, from th of the blocks of wood into pulp to the run of the paper into a Web press, printing a teacription of the plant and other information about paper-making.

sold a piece of land for \$2.25, which is thus described in the deed: "The 1-1000 pt. of an inch from the n. e. corner of lot No. 23, and running south 1-4 of an in.; thence w. to the back line of said lot; thence n. 1-4 of an inch; thence east to the point of beginning." This is probably the smallest realestate transaction on record. It is a fact that bass in Lake Erie frozen in the lake and washed upon shore in cakes of ice when winter breaks up are found alive and flopping when the sun shines on

them warm enough to extract the torpidity

from them. An old fisherman says bass

In 1822, Arthur St. Clair, of Cincinnati,

pack together in crevices on the reefs in winter, and are frozen in, instead of seeking deep water, as many piscatorial theorists assume. Between Jan. 1 and April 1 of this year, 1,785 bodies have been cremated in the cities of Gotha, Zurich, Milan, Rome, Padua, Bologna, Florence, London, New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Lancaster, Los Aneles, Washington, Buffalo, Stockholm and Gothenburg. The crema; ories in Manchester and Hamburg will be opened next July, ighteen Berliners have been cremated

this year, and the Berlin Society for Cremation has increased its membership to 1,100.

Conversation in America. Washington Post. Mrs. Hopkins, wife of the secretary of the Argentine delegation to the railroad commission, says: "There never can be a salon here until the young ladies learn the art of conversation. This is the great trouble. Two ladies will talk together. A gentleman comes along. Instantly one of the women retires into the background and becomes silent. It is so with the girls. They talk together, but if an older woman or a young man joins the group the talk ceases to be general and falls into the hands of one girl, or in the case of the woman the girls are apt finally to draw away. You see they are not interested in topics that all ages can talk on. The resuit is the young people keep by themselves and the elders do the same. They have no interests in common. Now in France it is different, and conditions that

The Secret of Secrecy.

nurture the salon is the result."

Every one in the world has some secret hope that he tells no one of. The one you know best in the world is keeping something from you. It is this secret longing that he thinks of when he is alone, and when he forgets that any one is around. Men seldom realize their secret ambitions. It is the noisy ones they talk most of and openly work for, that they realize some

ay. The secret one dies with them. Wonderful German Telephones.

Minneapolis Tribune. An exchange tells us that the government telephone girls of Germany wear neat and so pretty that subscribers never think of you, if you want to be miserable yourself, and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is phone must be a wonderful machine if one done at once. Think about yourself, what